THE TATTLER

1903

THE TATTLER

PUBLISHED BY STUDENT-BODY :: :: GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE

1903

GREENSBORO :: NORTH CAROLINA

TO

Mrs. Laura Crump Patrick,

THE ONLY SURVIVING MEMBER

OF THE CLASS OF 1848,

THE FIRST GRADUATED FROM

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE

MRS. LAURA CRUMP PATRICK.

MRS. LUCY H. ROBERTSON, PRESIDENT.

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J. A. Odell . . . . . *Secretary*
Dred Peacock . . . . . *Treasurer*

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O. W. CARR
J. A. ODELL

DRED PEACOCK
W. R. ODELL

History of College.

THE history of Greensboro Female College antedates by many years that great civil struggle which may be regarded as the watershed dividing those two great streams of life, the Old and the New South, and stretches back into that remote, and somewhat vague and hazy period so often referred to in Southern parlance as "before the war."

Chartered in 1838, it is the second oldest chartered college for women in the South, and was among the first institutions of learning for advanced education of girls at a time when the merest rudiments of learning, with a few shallow accomplishments, was considered all the intellectual development required in the restricted sphere to which women were relegated.

This eldest daughter of the Methodist Church in North Carolina was called into existence by generous-hearted, large-brained men who realized that the Church owes to her daughters as good intellectual training as to her sons. With almost prophetic insight, seeing that the service of Christian womanhood was to become an important factor in the great work of the evangelization of the world, they provided for the accomplishment of this mission by giving to the girls of the Church opportunities for both heart and brain culture. And right nobly have the daughters of the Church responded to the opportunity thus opened, for of the many hundreds who have passed through the portals of Greensboro Female College, few have failed to answer the call of the Church, and of very many of them it may be said with truth, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Owing to delay growing out of widespread financial depression in the country at large, the corner-stone of the building was not laid until 1843. In 1846 it was ready for occupancy. The following fall Rev. Solomon Lea, a man of scholarly attainments, was chosen president, and with an able faculty, the school was opened to the girls of North Carolina; and, indeed, to the entire South, for in those days of paucity of schools for advanced education of girls, the College drew to itself many from the far Southern States, who came by stage coach or by private conveyance to avail themselves of the advantages not afforded, at that time, in their own States.

On the resignation of Mr Lea, Rev. A. M. Shipp, of South Carolina, was chosen as his successor, and administered the affairs of the College wisely for three years, after which he resigned and accepted a professorship in the University of North Carolina.

Dr. Shipp was followed by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., who was afterwards so widely known as the pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York City. Under Dr. Deems the patronage was largely increased, and the College enjoyed an era of great prosperity. Doubtless, the intellectual vigor and robustness of character possessed in a marked degree by Dr. Deems were powerful

moulding factors in the life of the College and have left a lasting impress.

The fourth in this honorable line of succession was the man whose name was so long associated with Greensboro Female College that in the memories of a large proportion of the old pupils of the College, from 1854–1890, the two are inseparable; and at the name of Rev. T. M. Jones, D. D., hundreds of "old girls" rise up and call him blessed. Dr. Jones was a Christian scholar and a gentleman of the "old school" type, than which no higher has been developed; and his refined and polished manner gave him peculiar adaptation to the position at the head of a school for girls. Thirty-six years of abundant and fruitful labors in the cause of woman's education place him in the front rank of educators, not only in his own State, but in the South.

It was during the presidency of Dr. Jones, when the College was in one of the most flourishing periods of its history, that a great calamity befell it in the destruction of the building by fire soon after the opening of the fall term in 1863. This misfortune necessitated a suspension of the school for ten years, though during that interval Dr. Jones, with practically the same faculty, was pursuing his beloved work at other points in the State.

No sooner had the country begun to recover from the business paralysis resulting from war's terrible devastation than the North Carolina Conference begun to take steps for the restoration of Greensboro Female College. The corner-stone of the new building was laid in 1871, and Phœnix-like the College arose from her ashes, to enter, August 27, 1873, upon a new career of usefulness and prosperity along educational lines under the guidance of her same president and members of the old faculty.

The Church, in common with other institutions as well as individuals, was embarrassed financially after the war, and in spite of heroic struggles was unable to discharge the debt incurred in erecting the new building, and it seemed impossible for the Church to retain ownership of this beloved daughter of the Church. At this crisis a syndicate of prominent laymen, actuated by the generous purpose of not allowing the College to pass from the control of the Church, purchased the property in 1882, and have held it ever since, subject to the control of a board of directors, for educational purposes and as a school for the Methodist Church in North Carolina.

Through these changing fortunes Dr Jones continued at the head of the institution until his greatly lamented death in June, 1890, when Dr. B. F. Dixon was chosen to succeed him. Dr. Dixon, by his genial, kindly nature, greatly endeared himself to his students, and during the three years of his presidency he attracted large numbers of girls to the College, and brought to it the largest patronage in its history.

Dr. Dixon having resigned in the spring of 1893, Dr. Frank L. Reid, at that time editor of *The Raleigh Christian Advocate*, was elected president of the faculty, entering upon the duties of the position with vigor and earnestness. For one year he gave to the College his best thought and energy; but in the midst of what promised to be a most successful career, at the beginning of the

fall term of 1894, he was suddenly called by death from earthly activities.

Up to this point in its history the College had been presided over by able and scholarly ministers of the Methodist Church. At this juncture a departure from previous traditions was made by the election of a layman to take the helm and guide the course of this honored old institution. The board of directors realized that, in the able and scholarly young educator who, for six years, had filled a professorship in the College, they already possessed the man who was endowed with all the qualifications requisite for the position, and Dr. Dred Peacock was called to the responsibility of directing the affairs of the College. With characteristic progressiveness of spirit, the first step of the new president was the complete reorganization of the College courses according to the most modern methods, and a general expansion of the work by enlarging the curriculum and providing better facilities for study by means of well-equipped laboratories and improved appliances in the various departments. But the most striking monument to Dr. Peacock's energy and sagacity is the magnificent Library founded and endowed, in the name of Mrs. Peacock, as a loving memorial to their little daughter, Ethel Carr Peacock. The Library contains more than 7,000 carefully selected volumes, besides many valuable pamphlets and much magazine and other periodical literature, all of which has been collected through Dr. Peacock's untiring effort to render this, as it is, the largest and best library in any college for women in the South. With this invaluable aid to research the students are enabled to do a far higher grade of work in literature and history, as well as along other lines, than would be possible without it. Had Dr. Peacock not accomplished many other things of value for the College, this one achievement alone would entitle him to be regarded as a great benefactor to the institution; but this was but one among many other wise measures carried out by him, and under his administration the College enjoyed eight prosperous years.

In the spring of 1902 Dr. Peacock, having suffered several years from ill-health, was urged by a prominent specialist of New York to give up his educational work and to engage in more active business life as a means of restoration to health. Acting upon this advice, Dr. Peacock offered his resignation, and the board of directors decided upon another innovation in the election of the lady principal, Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson, to the presidency. Mrs. Robertson had been connected with the College eighteen years of her twenty-five years spent in teaching, and having filled several different departments in the College, she was thoroughly conversant with all its workings, its aims, and its needs, and so was enabled to adjust herself to the new relation without any of the friction that might so easily arise in the inauguration of a new administration.

The friends of the institution feel assured that it will be her constant purpose and endeavor to maintain the high standard for which the College has ever stood from its foundation. Although she is just closing her first year as president, she has manifested a spirit of progress that

shows her to be in full touch with the advance movement which has characterized the history of the school, especially in later years. A further reorganization of the course of study has been made by which the requirements for graduation have been made equal to those of any, and in advance of most Southern colleges for girls. The social life of the students is also emphasized, and is provided for with as much care as any other portion of the school life, for it is a cardinal principle with Mrs. Robertson that while rigorous mental training is essential for strengthening mind and character, it is no less important to cultivate the graces and amenities of life, in order that an intellectual woman may be fitted to adorn any social circle she may enter, and so become an important factor in the purification and elevation of social life. The threefold nature of a human being is ever kept in mind, and when the physical and intellectual well-being has been considered, the College does not regard her responsibility as ended, but seeks to touch and elevate the moral sensibilities of each pupil through the usual means of religious instruction, as well as by constant appeals to lofty motives, and by the presentation of high moral standards and pure ideals of life. Thus does Greensboro Female College strive to attain that full fruition of perfect education for girls, a well-rounded, womanly character; and thus will she continue to follow her own lofty ideal, which like one increasing purpose has run through the whole course of her history.

January 6th

Editors.

ALICE DAVIS ARDREY, Editor-in-Chief.

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NELL GLASCOCK

GRACE RONE

JANIE STEWART

BUSINESS MANAGERS OF "THE TATTLER."

Ye Girls of Ye Olden Times.

Mrs. Lucy Armfield Cuninggim, 1858.
President of Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of North Carolina Conference.

Mrs. Sallie Southall Cotten, 1863.
Vice-President National Mothers' Congress.

Mrs. Lizzie Mayhew Hendren, 1854.
Superintendent Juvenile Work of North Carolina Conference.

Miss M. E. Carter, 1854
Principal Mountain View School, Amherst, Va.

Mrs. Annie Pullen Crawford, 1868.
Member of Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, M. E. Church, South.

MISS M. E. CARTER MRS. LUCY ARMFIELD CUNINGGIM MRS. ANNIE PULLEN CRAWFORD
MRS. SALLIE SOUTHALL COTTEN MRS. LIZZIE MAYHEW HENDREN

Alumnæ Association.

Officers.

President	Mrs. Lucy A. Cuninggim	Greensboro, N. C.
First Vice-President	Miss Mary L. Hendren	New Bern, N. C.
Second Vice-President	Mrs. Carrie Caldwell Buford	Henderson, N. C.
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Associate Third Vice-President	Mrs. W. H. Branson	Durham, N. C.
Recording Secretary	Miss Nannie Lee Smith	Greensboro, N. C.
Corresponding Secretary	Miss Mabel Chadwick	Beaufort, N. C.
Treasurer	Mrs. E. L. Sides	Greensboro, N. C.

THE Association was organized for the purpose of improving the social advantages incident to an annual gathering of hundreds of former schoolmates and friends, and in order that the strength of a thorough organization might become available for the promotion of the general interests of the institution.

This Association has for some years been trying to raise the sum of three thousand dollars ($3,000) to be known as "The Lucy McGee Fund," in loving memory of Lucy McGee Jones, wife of Dr. Turner M. Jones, who for thirty-six years was the efficient president of Greensboro Female College. The object for which the fund is intended is that it may be a permanent endowment for the use of needy students. The annual income of one hundred and eighty dollars ($180) is to be divided into three scholarships of sixty ($60) each and to be loaned to worthy students of limited means. The committee has in hand more than two thousand dollars ($2,000), the income from which has been aiding students for several years past. The Association is very anxious to complete the fund, and will be glad to receive contributions at any time.

G. F. C. In Ye Olden Time.

Mrs. Laura Crump Patrick.

THE tim: has been long, and yet it seems short, in review of the transit of the Greensboro Female College of 1846, and the present College of 1903. This lapse of years forces its truth upon me, as my thoughts attempt to guide my pen in saying something in obedience to your request to furnish an item for your first College Annual. I am most happy to voice something of the early days of the institution, and most grateful for being spared to link the annals of our College in these far separated years, and I greet you with warm congratulations for the revived and growing interest that is keeping fresh the annals of our beloved Alma Mater. One feels that she is in Dreamland to recall the facts and events of the beginning of a long life, now nearly spent. A mist encircles my memory, and I must brush away all that has come to me in the years enfolded in the fifty-five since I launched forth a graduate of Greensboro Female College, at its first commencement in 1848. Well do I remember when the pioneers for the higher education for the women of the South first agitated the minds and inspired the movement of the Methodist Conference, to locate and establish this Female College at Greensboro. It was early in the forties that "Rip Van Winkle" began to stir in his slumbers at the touch of these good Christian well-wishers, who went forth with the wonderful pluck and energy which characterized them, as agents to solicit funds throughout the bounds of the then large Conference, that now forms the two —the North Carolina and the Virginia. No steam cars then from town to town, but each day's journey was from place to place on horseback. No man of this day, with easy-going facilities provided at every turn, knows anything of the endurance in the line of travel, as did the patient "circuit-rider" of the Methodist Church of that day. My uncle, Dr. I. J. M. Lindsay, a resident of Greensboro, was president of the board of trustees, and greatly interested in the work, and through him I was brought in contact with every detail of the enterprise, from the origin of the first movement until the completion of the building. The foundation laid and the walls up, the external completings and the finishing touches of the interior were eagerly watched in my girlhood glee, looking forward with interest to the career of a college life. Thus you see, my connection with the institution was in advance of its opening in August, 1846, at which time I entered, one of the first pupils.

The picture is more vivid before me than I can describe. The situation of that handsome brick building, perched on its eminence in the midst of a "broomsedge field," on either side deep-washed gulleys, and the dismal ravine, with thick undergrowth, separating it from any proximity to the town. The "big road" then wended its way

over the hills, and the stage-coaches brought the "new girls" in a more circuitous route, and very different from the well-laid streets and avenues of to-day.

In comparison, too, the wide surroundings of then, and the miniature outfit for a college, is a picture that shows that even the present well-equipped Greensboro Female College, with all of its improvements once had a beginning.

I have no record of the number or names of the pupils of the first year, and can mention only my own class, who formed the Junior Class for 1846. This class had each the best advantage of private schools taught by "imported teachers" from Northern States. Teachers were not then found among the women of our Southland, and the establishment of Greensboro Female College marked the era for the education of Southern teachers. Of our class were:

Sarah E. Smith, Chatham, N. C.; Nannie E. Morris, Greensboro, N. C.; Bettie M. Jones, Edenton, N C.; Sarah Ballou, Halifax, Va.; Henrietta Crump, Greensboro, N. C.; Laura A. Crump, Greensboro, N. C.

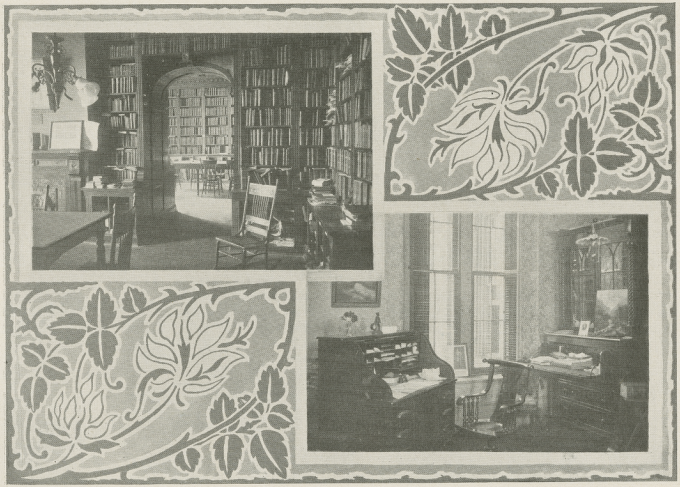
These formed the graduating class of 1848. Sarah E. Smith was valedictorian. I would be glad to give the subject of essays by each of the others, but I only remember my own, "Laughter and Tears," and I wish I could reproduce it now for your Annual; but like many other things, it is buried with the "archives" of the past. At that time I knew how to moralize on "Laughter," and since then, I have learned the meaning of "Tears."

My mind teems with pleasant memories of that first commencement, and I love to go back through the vista of years and look again into the happy faces of my beloved associates and classmates, as we joined hands and hearts in that last good-bye of our college life, and stood on the threshold of "What Now?" and the new department of life before us. No meeting of the Alumnæ can ever collect the members of that class together again.

Before that summer had ended the blessed angels came for the gentle and loved Nannie E. Morris, who died at her home in Greensboro.

At intervals, other years have recorded the number of that class one less, and in succession they have reached the "haven of rest," and now, leaving only the name of her whom your first College Annual honors.

Thanks for the tribute to my gray hairs, and happy am I to bid God-speed to younger hearts, who are so watchfully holding the interest of our honored and loved Alma Mater.



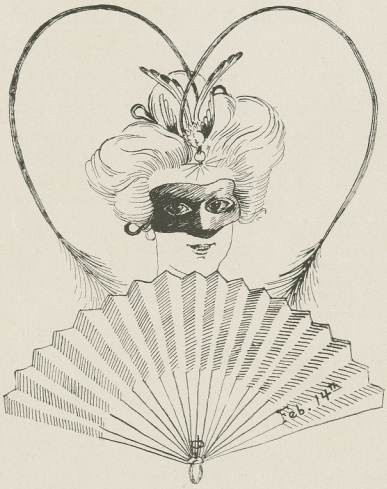
LIBRARY.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

FACULTY AND OFFICERS.

FACULTY AND OFFICERS.

A PARLOR CORNER. RECEPTION HALL. MAIN PARLOR.


Feb. 14

An Indian Romance.

ALL day the sun had cast his scorching rays upon the earth while the arrows of the Indians had flown through the air thick and fast, and the bloody tomahawks had been hurled with the force of mad demons. At last it was over and with fierce war-whoops and shrill cheers of victory, the Creek tribe was returning home. They could well afford to be proud of their victory over the Tonkawan tribe, for the latter was the fiercest and bravest tribe in that section of country.

This victorious procession was led by Tokio, an old chief, who had been in many a bloody battle, and had felt the whiz of many a passing arrow, and the glance of the cruel tomahawk. His appearance was most unearthly. His face was covered with many scars, one of his eyes had been plucked from his head, when as a prisoner he lay in the hands of an enemy, and his countenance was cruel and savage.

Near his side rode a young Indian brave. Tusokee, whose appearance contrasted greatly with that of the old chief. He was tall and straight, with an open face lighted up with piercing eyes. Although he had fought valiantly that day, he did not seem to be rejoicing over the victory. He alone rode pensively, silently on.

The sun had gone down when they all drew rein and leaped lightly to the ground in front of Wamahoe's large wigwam. The cool evening breeze sprung up and the little birds hushed their songs and settled themselves for the approaching night.

After supper they repaired to the green to join in the war-dance of victory, but before the music had begun Wamahoe led forth his beautiful daughter Wahana, and placed her hand in that of old Tokio, swearing that she should become Tokio's squaw before the next full moon. At this the Indians sent up savage cheers and a fierce gleam of satisfaction shot from Tokio's one eye, for he had liked this modest maiden from her childhood.

No one noticed her quivering body, no one saw the look of agony in her eyes, except Tusokee. He had seen it, for he loved Wahana with all his heart and hated Tokio with the bitterest hatred. Ere the lapse of another moment the weird music began and with it the war-dance.

It is difficult to conceive of a more impressive scene than the closing exercises of a war-dance after a great victory. The hell of passion seemed to be open and there poured forth a stream of weird song, ululation and imprecation, accompanied with symbolic mimicry of the horrors of war.

Wahana, unnoticed, had sped from the hut into the forest. On and on she went like some timid hind chased by a savage beast. The song of the whippoorwill drifted softly on the night air, the wild noise of the screech-

owl rang out sharply, and from the distant mountain could be heard the terrible howl of the wolves; but on and on sped Wahana, unmindful of it all. At last she stood beside the wide river. The fair queen of night was in her highest glory and upon all the earth cast her silvery rays, now lighting up the murmuring waters, now piercing the density of the forest.

Wahana stood on the brink of the river and lifted her large soft eyes, now so full of misery, to the heavens. Her lips moved and clasping her hands she said, "O Great Spirit, do thou be near to Wahana, and grant that she may not be forced to marry Tokio whom she so hates." She paused a moment, then again raised her eyes and continued, "O Supreme Father, Wahana swears to thee she will never be Tokio's squaw; rather than that she would plunge herself into this river and be lost forever."

When she reached home it was late at night and all her father's guests had gone. Softly she sought her mat and lay down to rest her weary body and if possible to shut out all evils with sleep.

* * * *

It was early morn. The clear note of the lark penetrated the crisp morning air as he soared upward on his light wings. The sun peeped over the eastern hilltops and scattered his glittering beams over all the land, and as his first rays touched the flowing water of the murmuring river, it laughed and sparkled as if a million diamonds shown therein.

Wahana sat on a lofty rock which projected over the river below. Her eyes seemed to rest on the laughing water, but in its stead she saw herself dragging through the days to come, dreading and shunning the hated Tokio, and into her eyes there came a wild, haunted look.

But listen! A wild hurrah arose from the wigwam on the hill, which startled Wahana from her thoughts and told her that the Indians were preparing for a hunt. She turned her eyes toward the place. Yes, she could see the Indians with bows and arrows mounted upon fiery steeds about to be off. But hark! from the distant hillside in the opposite direction she caught the sound of the clatter of horse's hoofs and ere she moved, she saw Tusokee riding rapidly toward her, and her heart began to beat a joyous throb.

He had guessed he would find her here, for this was her favorite haunt. His trusty steed paused not on account of the water, but plunged in and bore his rider safely to the other side, and a moment later Tusokee had climbed the rugged hill and reached Wahana's side.

"O Wahana," he cried, "thou dost love Tusokee; thine eyes show it, and Tusokee loves Wahana more than the fair hunting-grounds, more than an enemy's scalp, more than the war-dance; yes, he swears by the Great Spirit, he loves Wahana more than all things else."

"Tusokee knows Wahana loves him just as dearly," she answered, as she turned her gaze over the water.

Then turning, he said, "By the Great Spirit, it shall be well."

He left her and soon disappeared in the same direction in which he had come. A great hope entered into Wahana's heart, for she felt that Tusokee could save her.

Again she heard horse's hoofs clattering down the hillside, but this time down the path which led from the wigwam from which she had fled. She looked and to her horror beheld old Tokio coming toward her, for he wished to bid her good-bye before he was off for the hunt.

Quick and nimble as a frightened fawn she sprang from her seat and Tokio drew up just in time to see her pass out of sight into the woods beyond. He turned back, his fierce anger aroused to full sway and muttering out his wrath, determined then to marry Wahana at once.

The sun was near the meridian when Wahana, weary and foot-sore, returned home. But before she came in sight of the wigwam she was met by her little sister, who told her how her angry father and mad lover were preparing for her marriage immediately.

No sooner had she heard than back again to the forest she fled in the same direction taken by Tusokee that morning. At last exhausted, she paused a moment for breath, and looking across the meadow her heart almost stood still, for she saw a band of Indians galloping at full speed, and she knew they were in search of her. She could see her father and Tokio very plainly, for they were in front. She was so terrified, so dazed that she had no power to move. She sat as a bird charmed by a snake, unable to even move the eyes away. Nearer and nearer they came and old Tokio arose in his saddle with a yell of delight, for he now beheld her.

But what was that rushing sound among the bushes? It was something swifter than any animal of the forest, and the next minute Wahana was snatched from the rock where she sat to the back of Tusokee's never-failing steed. With one scream of joy, she looked into her lover's face and realized that he had saved her.

With tightened rein Tusokee paused and with deadly aim sent one arrow into the defeated band, then a yell of anger and disappointment arose from the Indians and old Tokio fell from his horse.

Tusokee then gave his bridle to the winds and tightening his grasp about Wahana, sped on over hill, over dale, and when the sun was nearly set, drew rein before the wigwam of his aged father and kind old mother.

February Twenty Second.

Life's Secret.

SALLIE SOUTHALL COTTEN.

Idling 'midst the sylvan shadows,
All my soul with youth aglow,
Thrilling with the bliss of visions
Which all idle dreamers know;
Visions of Love's sweet fruition,
Dreams of future joy and fame,
Of some mystic golden moment
Which should touch my life with flame;
Sometime in the hazy future,
When life's secret should be mine,
And the joy of great achievement
Fill my life with bliss divine.

Suddenly the silence quivered
With a sunbeam's magic dart,
While a fairy whisper floated
Softly to my waiting heart:
"Present moments all are golden,
Grasp life's secret while you may;
Past and Future both are dormant—
All life's power is in To-Day;
Time but forms a golden ladder,
'Tis the human Will alone
Gives the power to climb to greatness
And to make Success your own."

STUDENTS' ROOM.

PING-PONG.

One-Cent-a-Word Column.

WANTED—A set of the Encyclopedia Britannica for my niece. Must not be too childish.

THE MISSES FISHER.

FOR SALE—A large number of one-gallon glass bottles which once held "Goose Grease."

MISS FANNIE ARMFIELD.

WANTED—To be let alone.

MISS BETTIE ARMFIELD.

FOR SALE—A white muslin dress.

MISS HENDREN.

WANTED—A Man.

MISS CORDON.

FOR SALE—A new growth of knowledge. Apply to President of Sophomore Class.

WANTED—Another section to attend to. One on second floor preferred.

MISS RAWE.

WANTED—A police patrol for second floor.

MISS HENDREN.

FOR SALE—A large sub-Fresh English class, assorted sizes. Warranted to stay with you always.

MISS CHADWICK.

WANTED—To have three ideas. Apply to Freshman Class.

WANTED—A second year's course in chemistry. Apply to Junior Class at once.

WANTED—A new supply of demerits. These in stock are slightly worn on account of hard usage given them by the Senior Class.

FACULTY.

WANTED—A grade lower than Fair.

MR. PARKER.

FOR SALE—A slightly worn assortment of tales of all descriptions of various degrees of likelihood. Sold in book form as "What I Have Seen and Done."

MR. CRAVEN.

FOR SALE—All of my books. Good as new, as they have scarcely been used at all.

LIZZIE MONTGOMERY.

FOR SALE—My new book, "My Opinions and Beliefs," just out.

MISS SIMS.

WANTED—*One* bright class in Math.

MISS PEGRAM.

WANTED—Nothing.

MISS PORTER.

WANTED—A section to take to church at night. One that could sing in the choir preferred.

MISS BLALOCK.

Evolution by Classes.

To the Violet.

Violet, O Violet,
So pure and sweet and true,
We love thee, modest flower,
And our praise is all to you.

Down in the grassy meadow
Where all nature is fresh and bright,
We see thy lovely eyelids
Opened to the light.

Blooming there in innocence
Amid the grasses tall,
With buttercups and daisies—
But the fairest of them all.

Again by streaming brooklet
Nodding to and fro,
Thy fragrant odor greets us
From the mossy bed so low.

Though so timid and so modest,
Thou art seen and loved the more,
And thy nature pure and simple
We every one adore.

And now we stand united
And bestow our praise on thee,
And claim thee as our flower—
We, the Class of 1903.

1903
THE FUTURE
SENIOR
JUNIOR
SOPHOMORE
FRESHMAN

Senior Class.

Colors: Violet and White. Flower: Violet.

Motto: Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter.

Yell.

Hackie! Hackie! Hackie!
Sis! Bum! Ree!
Seniors! Seniors!
1903.

OFFICERS.

Nell Norine Nelson . . . . . *President*
Alice Davis Ardrey . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
Elizabeth Sterling McDearman . . . . . *Poet*
Letitia Evans . . . . . *Historian*
Minnie Mabel Walker . . . . . *Prophet*

MEMBERS.

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Mable Coltrane
Nina Dayvault
Letitia Evans
Annie Glenn Gibson
Nell Glascock
Ruth Hughes
Zula Hinshaw
Annie Miller
Bess McDearman
Nell Nelson
Mary Porter
Stella Scroggs
Lily Sherrod
Minnie Walker
Nan Warren

SENIOR CLASS.

History of Class of '03.

AS THE scholastic year 1902-03 draws to a close and the Class of '03 has almost covered its allotted span of college life, the duty of chronicling its history is imposed upon one who feels—

"What fates impose, that men must needs abide."

So I shall endeavor to give a true chronicle of the events of this the largest graduating class since 1896, when there were twenty-seven.

When the class entered the halls of G. F. C. in the fall of 1899 there were thirty of us. On our arrival we were greeted cordially, and made to feel as much "at home" as a Freshman, leaving home for three whole long months, can be made to feel at any place except at "Home, Sweet Home." The day passed on, and we had heard nothing of "green Freshmen." "blacking," "ghosts," but we only thought its absence meant a larger dose that night. Night came, and with it our fears piled up as high as Mt. Mitchell, it seemed to us. To our great disappointment—and pleasure—we were allowed peaceful slumber and dreams of "home and mother dear." Since we were denied the mysteries of hazing, we thought there must be something besides pleasant things for a Freshman, and when Dr. Peacock announced in the chapel next morning that entrance examinations would be held in the study-hall at nine o'clock, how our hearts jumped into our throats! But we found that we possessed the Anglo-Saxon genius, that "of muddling through somehow." In a few weeks we became acquainted with the College, and every one connected with it, and as an organized class of thirty, we set to work to do something, and to be something, or in other words, to grow, for we had learned that green things could grow. One of our highest aspirations was to look as learned and dignified as those about us, whom we were told were "Seniors," and to don a cap and gown. The year passed on with no events of importance except the examinations and home-going at Christmas, the two most important things during a Freshman's brief life. Soon commencement of 1900 was past, and we were no longer Freshmen.

As the leaves began to change their dress of green for red, yellow, and variegated ones, we turned our faces back to Greensboro, after a delightful summer of pleasure and rest. What a joyful time in the old College home, which had grown so dear to each one after one year's stay! There were many old faces to be recognized, and many new ones to be learned. Some of our number had remained at home, but new ones had come to fill their places. The class was

soon reorganized with a membership of thirty-nine. We had thrown off the mantle of the Freshman, and fully realized the importance of a Sophomore. The question, "Do you know what Sophomore means?" was often asked around us, but we passed on, ignoring it, and leaving the questioner to reflect upon the truth of the saying, "None are so deaf as they who can hear and will not hear." The first way by which we distinguished ourselves was the purchasing and donning of small silver '03's.

During that fall, a special meeting was held, when a literary and musical program was rendered. The Freshmen were the guests of honor.

Realizing that our education consisted of physical as well as mental culture, the class organized a basket-ball team, and around that nucleus grew that increasing interest in athletics which was one of the most potent factors in arousing the class spirit which now exists. The winter months soon passed, and with the arrival of spring came examinations, which only resulted in convincing us that we were not all perfect, and after that the joyful home-going again.

The fall of 1902 saw us all gathering again at the same Mecca, and experiencing the same joys and sorrows of the previous fall, but additional joy, for instead of wise-foolish Sophomores, we were Juniors. We had climbed one more round of the ladder, and no one was more well aware of the fact than we.

The fall soon passed, and the opening of spring infused new life into the class. The class's study of Chemistry exerted more influence than any other event of that session. This influence was not only widespread throughout the class, but extended on down into the Freshman Class, to so great an extent that one Freshman undertook to coach a Trinity student at the Trinity reception held in April. The first question on her list was, "Do you belong to the H_2S Society?" (meaning the *A T O*).

One of the most enjoyable occasions of the spring term was a drive to Guilford battle-ground, given by the Senior Class, complimentary to us. As we walked about in that historic old place, and viewed the monuments placed there in memory of our illustrious countrymen, there were mingled in our hearts patriotism and admiration for our fellow-students to whom we were indebted for such a pleasant occasion. This occasion was soon followed by the Junior reception, given by the Junior Class complimentary to the Senior Class. We had had bird's-eye views from the rotunda of the reception the year before, and had dreamed of the time when we could participate in it, but never before had we realized the full joy of being a Junior.

The climax of our joy was reached when one day Mrs. Robertson called a meeting of the class, and announced that we were to be the marshals at commencement, and that we were to have the honor of serving at the Alumnæ banquet. Dressed in our white caps and aprons, and green ribbons, prepared to serve at the banquet, we thought "that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of us." Commence-

ment of 1902 was one deeply imprinted upon the memory of each member of the class as an occasion of much dignity and superiority.

The Freshman dreams of Seniorhood were realized when in the fall of 1902 we entered that "realm of bliss," but we soon found that as we climbed, the horizon widened. Senior privileges brought responsibilities.

The Freshman and Senior Classes have been close friends throughout the session, and perhaps it is greatly due to the "good understanding" established between the two at the very beginning of the fall term. The Freshman Class having on hand an extra supply of salt, decided to dispose of some of it by throwing it in the eyes of the Senior president; whereupon the other classes decided to bring them to a realization of their position in the student-body. Talents which had never before been dreamed of were revealed that night. Nordicas and Maxine Elliotts developed within a few moments, while some gained an introduction to Mr. Pears, and learned to appreciate as they had never before, the merits of his soap.

As every one who is in the least degree acquainted with the last few months of a Senior's life knows, class meetings consume a large amount of time and attention during that period. So it was with us. In one of those meetings it was suggested that as our College had never had an Annual, that we make an innovation this year. This little seed grew and grew, and finally has blossomed forth into an Annual of which we think every G. F. C. student has cause to feel proud.

Our class day was celebrated in May, on which we were allowed the privilege of showing all that we were, all that we had been, and all that we hoped to be. Part of the exercises were held in the chapel, and part on the campus, the main features of the chapel exercises being the reading of the class prophecy, the class poem, and the class history; and of the campus exercises, the May-pole and the planting of ivy in the front of the building. This event added an additional pleasure to the many festive occasions of our spring term, and we hope this custom begun with our class, will be continued throughout the coming years.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

The time has come when the "Sweet Sixteen Band" will no longer be numbered among the band of happy, light-hearted girls that throng the halls of G. F. C. Our college race has been run, and we must bid adieu to our Alma Mater, but we will ever honor, love, and cherish the mother "who found us weak and made us strong." The memory of her will ever come to us as an incentive to higher and nobler things.

Class Poem.

We are standing on the threshold of the future
Looking forward into ages yet to come.
As we stand here we are whispering one question,
What have the years in store for each one?

What of mystery will time unfolding bring us?
What of happiness will time on us bestow?
What of good or truth will this great unknown future
Cause our class of nineteen-three at last to know?

But the years will send us back no answer
While we stand here at the parting of the ways;
We must go forth in the thickest of Life's battles,
Find the answer in the conflicts of the days.

But as yet we're only on the threshold.
We have time to turn and say a last farewell
To our Alma Mater, teachers, and our classmates,
To our campus and our dear old college bell.

In our fight of life we'll ne'er once forget you,
Your memories will always with us stay,
And we feel as we say words of parting,
That in spirit you will be with us alway.

You will strengthen and uphold us in our sorrows,
Reassure us when assailed by doubts and fears,
As we go forth in the thickest of Life's battles
To wrest its secret from its laughter and its tears.

Senior Prophecy.

ONE night as I sat in my room alone, suddenly there appeared before me a quaint little lady carrying a package in an oil-cloth cover under her arm. She wore a pleasant smile, and I was sure she must be a book agent, but in a few minutes she unwrapped the package, which proved to be a machine enclosed in a box. This machine revealed the future of all living mortals. It was then that I remembered the task so recently imposed upon me by my class, namely, to tell their destinies. The task that had hung over me like a pall, in the presence of the little lady and her box assumed the look of a pleasant pastime. After much questioning I received these few points on the destiny of the class of "sweet sixteen."

Mabel, you are to lead a life of single blessedness, but to be an exception to the general rule of old maids. As we all know the general rule, I shall mention only some of the qualities of the exception. In this case Mabel is to be a bright, cheerful little creature, scattering gladness and sunshine in the paths of others. Her approach shall be as welcome as the tones of the joyous "May bells" that herald the arrival of the belated *coal trains*, laden with the treasures and comforts from the recently disturbed mining sections.

Tessie's fate, I am afraid, would not suit many of us, for she is to go as a missionary to South Africa and there among so many hardships she will do a good and noble work. Although the greater part of her life shall be spent in this work, yet I shall give her the pleasure of knowing that she will receive her reward and die in her native land.

Standing beside the couch of an invalid is seen a figure clothed in black, and crowned with a mass of dark hair. We note her beautiful brown eyes. She is receiving a wealth of gratitude from the sick one, so recently relieved from the racking pain of disease. The scene is nothing unusual, for Dr. Lily Sherrod is known far and near for wisdom and prudence in the healing art.

Ruth, you, Annie Miller, and Annie Gibson are to be quite a noted trio. You three will go about together giving concerts, which will be beyond all description. You are to be a most charming reader, while Annie Gibson will delight the audience by her beautiful solos, whose accompaniments will be rendered by Annie Miller.

As for Nan and Stella, no doubt you think it is useless for me to put in words that which we all know must come to pass. Their many blushes, caused by the mention of the names of two young men, make us quite sure of their future mission. I shall only say that the little machine did not contradict our predictions.

Alice and Bess often remind us of Damon and Pythias. This beautiful friendship which began in the early part

of their college life is never to cease. It will not be very long after we leave this dear old college before we receive an invitation to the double marriage of Alice and Bess. We are glad to know, however, that these two bright lives will not be spent in regretting this step. They will have the pleasure of knowing that they can laugh as much and as late as they want to without the dread of being visited early in the morning by a teacher.

A tall, stylish blonde of our class will enter educational fields along with several of her classmates. She will work with enthusiam and will be rewarded with success at every turn, until we shall see an audience of lad es sitting in the grand auditorium of a magnificent building in Havana, Cuba. We learn that it is the Nelson University, founded by Nell Nelson, of Greensboro Female College, U. S. A., and that the audience sitting thus enraptured, is listening to the words of wisdom falling from the lips of their beloved president. Nell will have a strong faculty and some of its members will be of especial interest to us, for Nell Glascock will have charge of the French, Nina will be Bible teacher, and Mary Porter will be instructing young minds in our own language.

A large stone dwelling is next presented to view, all radiant with many electric lights. A couple stands beholding the entrancing scene. He speaks: "Zula, will you reign queen of that home and my heart?" He smiles, and we think she must have answered yes.

Next in the little machine is seen a red head, then a glimmer, accompanied by a rumbling noise. I felt half-dazed, but eager to see further into futurity. I gaze, but see nothing more in my room than its accustomed furniture and pictures. The little lady with her miraculous box had gone and left me none the wiser concerning the future of your red-headed classmate.

Found on the Bulletin-Board, on the eve of the Freshman-Senior Banquet.

A Word to the Wise.

Table Ediquette for the Banquette.

1. Don't try to eat the toasts; they are merely for the ears.

2. The forks which you will find at the left of the plates are for conveying different foods to the mouth. Be sure to use the right one.

3. Don't leave the table between courses.

4. Freshmen must not call for more milk, nor Seniors for greens, as they will have sufficient.

5. All expenses will be borne by the "Fresh," so Seniors needn't call at office to pay bills.

6. Do not engage in conversation with the waiters, as they will doubtless be afforded enough amusement without this.

7. Freshmen!! Don't let anybody know you never went to a banquet before. If you get in a tight place, watch Mrs. Robertson.

8. Don't give yells between courses.

9. Don't try to satisfy your hunger during the first course, for there will be others.

10. By all means, don't fail to stop by Gardner's drug-store and buy a big bottle of Pain-Killer.

Class of 1904.

Motto: Nihil desperandum. Flower: Daisy. Colors: Gold and White.

Yell.
Rip, Rah, Roar!
Rip, Rah, Roar!
Junior, Junior!
1904!

OFFICERS.

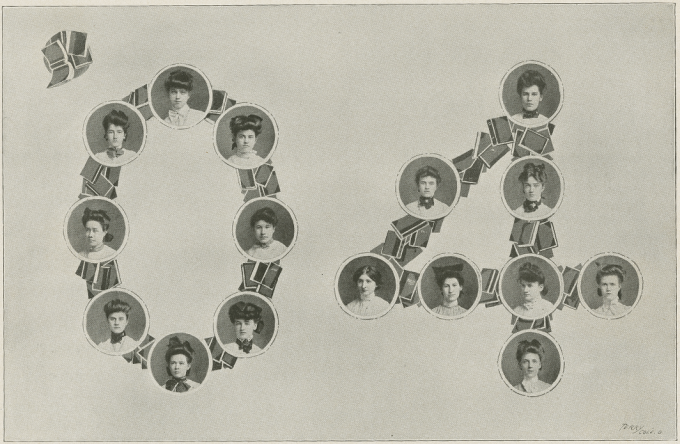
Grace Rone . . . . . *President*
Emma Willis . . . . . *Vice-President*
Jessie Fuller . . . . . *Secretary*
Margaret Barnes . . . . . *Historian*

MEMBERS.

Grace Rone
Emma Renn
Ellen Thompson
Margaret Barnes
Annie Johnson
Agnes Moring
Lizzie Prudrn
May Smith
Mamie Walker
Jessie Fuller
Mamie Gibson
Edith Moring
Emma Willis

Irregular Juniors.

Bettie Lou Hester
Maud Satterfield
Pattie Lee



Junior Class History.

ALTHOUGH we are an unlucky number—thirteen—yet it is only in numbers that we are so. We are such a bright class that even the dignified Seniors are jealous of us, thanks to our famous basket-ball team.

Our colors are gold and white, and our class flower is the modest daisy. Our motto is very appropriate, "Nihil desperandum," for we are never daunted at anything, though we are all rather small as to stature.

Grace Rone, our president, is truly the "grace" of our class, and those who do not know her might think her a dignified Senior.

Emma Willis thinks it is as great an honor to be vice-president as president. One of her strictest rules is that she will not have a "darling."

Jessie Fuller, our secretary and treasurer, is the beauty of our class. We hope she will be so occupied with her duties as secretary that she will not spend the funds for stamps to write to Wake Forest.

Agnes Moring says she would not be an officer, as it would take too much of her time. She takes a great interest in the Y. W. C. A., and we are all sure Agnes would make a fine little missionary.

May Smith is like the little girl with a curl on her forehead, except May's hangs gracefully over her shoulder. She is very fond of using big words, especially around Freshmen, as she likes to see them open their eyes in astonishment. She thinks she is quite talented and expects when she leaves College to be quite an accomplished young lady. She delights the whole school with her bear stories.

Edith Moring is the nightingale of our class. You would not expect any harm from modest little Edith, but we think the little quiet ones will do to watch.

Emma Renn thinks herself the most famous of all the famous Juniors and tries to have all the dignity of a teacher. She now works all the originals in Geometry, but two. She will have to learn to work them all before she can ever be Math. teacher at G. F. C.

Ellen Thompson, the old maid of the class, no doubt expects to read her thesis next June, as she takes every opportunity of reading aloud and also takes reading lessons.

Lizzie Pruden, our giggler, always greets you with a pleasant smile. She has a habit of laughing at all her bright remarks. She walks into the Latin room with an air that makes you think she can read the whole of Virgil.

Annie Johnson is the student of the class. We all sincerely hope that Annie will not be gray-headed or too old to enjoy life again after she gets her diploma.

Mamie Gibson can not bear for any one to get ahead of

her, so she is working hard trying to keep up with Miss Johnson. Mamie might do better work, though, if she did not get so many letters from Wofford—yet they are only cousins.

Mamie Walker says she thinks it is as great an accomplishment to know how to talk to the boys as it is to read Latin and work Geometry. Miss Walker does not board in the College, or she would have forgotten there were any boys before this.

Pattie Lee says if she were a graduate people would expect too much of her. We think the true reason is that if Pattie had the full course she would not have time to read her Trinity Archive, answer her letters, look for the express, and read the Monroe *News*.

Maud Satterfield's highest ambition would be to be a Senior if she could reach that goal by an easy route. She is very proud of her Senior honors now (she has Senior history once a week). With this, one Junior study, and art, she is kept quite busy.

Bettie Lou Hester is the sleepy-headed one—it is quite impossible for her to get up before four o'clock, even to get to her Chemistry lesson. The Juniors are glad on her account, only, that we do not have a Chemistry lesson to prepare but twice a week.

Now I have as clearly and briefly as I could, related the prominent characteristics of each of the members of Class of '04, except one. I fear it would be difficult to do her justice. Her most distinguished features are her pretty blue eyes which look at you from over the tops of her spectacles, in a most charming manner, and seem to greet you with the question, "Can you read your Latin?" We put Margaret Barnes' name last in this list of illustrious ones because a good beginning and a good ending make a good show.

Poem.

(Written for the Annual by Jimmy Green, Poet Laureate of the Dismal Swamp.)

Oh! here 's to the Sophomore of nineteen and three!
They are just as pretty as pretty can be:
  Such charming young faces,
  So full of the graces
That go to make up our model "ladee."

Now, as you may know, they 're exceedingly wise,
And never were daunted by losing a prize,
  Except one small cup
  The Fresh gobbled up
And left them all standing with blared-open eyes.

To say they are "know-alls" is putting it right;
Their volume of knowledge is just out of sight!
  They know all about it,
  So don't ever doubt it,
That they are the brightest that ever came to light.

But "never you mind," say the Sophs of to-day,
"We, too, will be Seniors, when time rolls away,
  And then we 'll be teasing
  Those awfully pleasing
Young Fresh and Sophomores that happen this way."

(Only two sun-spots in this entire poem.)

Sophomore Class.

COLORS: Navy Blue and White. FLOWER: White Rose.

MOTTO: Quanti est sapere!

YELL.

Naughty-five! Naughty-five!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sophomores! Sophomores!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

OFFICERS.

CARLOTTA GILMORE ANGIER . . . . . *President*
BESS TRANSOU . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
KATE MONTGOMERY BLANCHARD . . . . . *Historian*

ETHEL OLIVER LOUISE BROOKS CARLOTTA ANGIER KATE BLANCHARD BESS TRANBOU EMILY HALL HILDA SPRUILL LEILA BARNES LUCY TURNAGE

Class History.

ALTHOUGH the Class of 1905 does not equal, in numbers, the other classes of our school, yet we are striving to excel them in such points as scholarship and athletics, and we hope soon to show what we are able to do in these lines. Our existence as a class was begun with Miss Carlotta Angier as president and Miss Linda Clement as secretary and treasurer. Thus our first year was very pleasantly spent in spite of the trials and hardships which we endured as Freshmen.

We found at the beginning of our second year that some of our number had not returned, but their places were soon filled by the new girls who had become members of our class. Miss Angier was again made president and Miss Bess Transou secretary and treasurer. In the fall term the Sophomore ball team won the right of entering the contest for the trophy-cup by making the required number of points in the preliminary games. We were defeated by our opponents, the Freshmen, who won the game in spite of the excellent playing of our team. In a literary way we were still more prominent, for at the beginning of the term one of our number, Miss Clement, was elected assistant editor of *The Message*. In our Junior year, which we are now looking forward to as the time when we shall see still nearer us the goal for which we are striving, we hope to have most marked distinction in both the literary and athletic departments of our College.

"I want to go home."

Freshman Class.

COLORS: Red and White.

MOTTO: Per angusta ad augusta.

FLOWER: Red Carnation.

YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rix! Rix! Rix!
We'll be Seniors
in
1906.

OFFICERS.

JANE PLACIDE STEWART . . . . . *President*
LUCY NEAL CARR . . . . . *Vice-President*
MAUDE PEARSON ANGIER . . . . . *Secretary*
NAN CARR HEITMAN . . . . . *Treasurer*

MEMBERS.

MAUDE PEARSON ANGIER
SALLIE NORA CONERLY
SARAH LOUISE CONNELLY
LUCY NEAL CARR
CORNELIA CLEGG
MYRTLE CORNATZER
MANA GLADIS SHORT
JANE PLACIDE STEWART
BERTHA ELLIS DALTON
ADA GOODWIN EDWARDS
LOIS MIDDLETON EDWARDS
FLORA TEMPERANCE ELLIS
NAN CARR HEITMAN
ZADA MAY HINSHAW
CELIA MILTIERE WINSLOW
MARGARET NOTTINGHAM WILSON
MYRTLE HARRIS
ELEANOR JENKINS
ADELINE RITCH MAYO
GEORGIA HELEN RUSSELL
MARGARET IRENE ROYSTER
EMMA SUSAN SCHOOLFIELD
ANNIE HUNT WILSON
ETHEL FLOWERS MOORE

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Class History of 1906.

IT IS with great pleasure that the historian of the Freshman Class gives a brief account of the joys and sorrows that have come to us this, our first college year.

Our class was soon organized with twenty-three enrolled. Miss Jane Stewart was elected president, and she has shown exceptional ability in this position. Miss Maude Angier was elected secretary, Miss Nan Heitman, treasurer, and Miss Annie Wilson, historian. We decided that our colors should be red and white, and our flower the red carnation.

It will be remembered that we were received kindly by all the classes at the beginning of the term, but the Sophomores growing jealous of our spreading popularity, said that we showed signs of freshness and at once gave us a pretty fair salting. This, I fear, we did not take very kindly and at an early date we bade defiance to their basket-ball team. Fully persuaded of their victory, they eagerly complied with our challenge. Then followed a series of exciting games, in which the Freshmen bore the trophy-cup from the field. And I would add that the Sophomores have since been too busy (?) to play with us again.

And now we are looking forward to the time when we too shall receive our sheepskins from Greensboro Female College.

"O, I In The Stilly Night"

Specials.

MOTTO: Ad Astra, per Aspera. FLOWER: Pansy. COLORS: Royal Purple and Canary.

YELL.

Boom-a-laka! Boom-a-laka!
Boom-a-laka-lee!
Hurrah for the Specials
Of G. F. C.!

OFFICERS.

MARY ELIZABETH WINDLEY . . . . . *President*
HILDA DAVENPORT . . . . . *Vice-President*
RENA MILLS . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS.

GRACE MARVIN ARDREY
LORENA NICHOLSON HINSON
NANNIE LOUISE BOND
MARY LILLINGTON HARDIN
HILDA DAVENPORT
FRANCES LOUISE JONES
RIDA MARIE DERICKSON
ADDIE LEA
FOY CHANTAL FIKE
SALLIE LITTLE
JULIA BELLE GIBSON
LEILA ELIZABETH LITTLE
LENA GRIMES
HETTIE NICHOLSON LYON
NELL LANIER HESTER
MABEL FRANCES ELLIS
MARY ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY
RENA MILLS
SALLIE MCCOLEMAN
ALICE OLIVER
DELLE SWINDELL
MAXIE HENRY SMITH
MODANYA WILLIAMSON
MARY ELIZABETH WINDLEY
KATIE LEE HESTER
MAGGIE HESTER

SPECIALS.

On Examination.

QUESTION: What two motions has the earth?

FRESHMAN: Temporary and permanent.

SOPHOMORE: The earth has two motions: rotation and evolution. They cause heat and cold, night and day.

QUESTION: What is the pulse?

SOPHOMORE: The pulse is a fluctuation of the blood caused by chewing tobacco.

JUNIOR: The pulse is a little muscle situated mainly in the wrist and used in determining the temperature.

QUESTION: Of what is linen made?

FRESHMAN: Wax.

QUESTION: What important system was begun during the administration of Andrew Jackson?

FRESHMAN: Solar system.

QUESTION: Describe the teeth.

SOPHOMORE: When first the teeth just come out of the gums they are covered with a membrance, but this soon wears off. This is what is meant when the Bible speaks of the skin of the teeth.

QUESTION: What is measured by troy weight?

SENIOR: Corn, cotton, feathers, and paper.

QUESTION: Parse, "Let no man enter in on pain of death."

FRESHMAN: Let: imper., pres. tense, pass voice, sing. number; Let–let–let: nom. case, adverb. No: imper., present tense, passive voice, sing. number; No–no–no: objective case. Man: imper. mode, present tense, noun, nom. case.

TEACHER: What is the cause of snoring?

SOPHOMORE: The vibration of expiration.

TEACHER: What is the capital of Maryland?

FRESHMAN: The District of Columbia.

THE "MESSAGE" STAFF

MAY SMITH ANNIE JOHNSON NAN HEITMAN EMMA RENN ANNIE GIBSON
NINA DAYVAULT BESS M'DEARMAN MAMIE WINDLEY CARLOTTA ANGIER TESSIE EVANS
ELLEN THOMPSON GRACE RONE

IRVING SOCIETY HALL.

EMERSON SOCIETY HALL.

Irving Literary Society.

OFFICERS.

Nina Lee Dayvault	*President*
Nan Bynum Warren	*Vice-President*
Lily Sherrod	*Secretary*
Mamie Windley	*Corresponding Secretary*
Ruth Hughes	*Treasurer*
Carlotta Gilmore Angier	*Critic*
Annie Glenn Gibson	*Censor*
Louise Bond and Rena Mills	*Janitors*

MEMBERS.

Miss Fannie Armfield
Miss Bettie Armfield
Carlotta Angier
Maude Angier
Louise Bond
Margaret Barnes
Lelah Barnes
Kate Blanchard
Annie Branson
Lucy Carr
Louise Connelly
Etta Cordon
Mrs. H. B. Craven
Nina Dayvault
Bertha Dalton
Ada Edwards
Lois Edwards
Mabel Ellis
Flora Ellis
Miss Edna Fisher
Jessie Fuller
Foy Fike
Annie Gibson
Julia Gibson
Mamie Gibson
Lena Grimes
Emily Hall
Zula Hinshaw
Celia Winslow
May Hinshaw
Ruth Hughes
Miss May Hendren
Mary Hardin
Frances Jones
Annie Johnson
Hettie Lyon
Lelah Little
Sallie Little
Rena Mills
Sallie McCallman
Adeline Mayo
Ethel Moore
Agnes Moring
Edith Moring
Annie Miller
Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson
Mana Short
Lily Sherrod
May Smith
Emma Schoolfield
Delle Swindell
Mrs. Dred Peacock
Bessie Transou
Emma Willis
Mamie Windley
Nan Warren
Minnie Walker
Myrtie Cornatzer

Irving Literary Society.

IN the early days of our College previous to the year 1863, when it was burned, there were two literary societies, the Philomathesian and the Sigournean. For several years after the College was rebuilt there were no literary societies, but as time sped onward and everything was once again reestablished on a firm basis, the need of a literary society in the College was apparent. Miss Dora Jones, seriously realizing this great need, organized the Irving Literary Society of Greensboro Female College in 1882. This was the only society until 1890, when the Emerson Literary Society was organized by Dr. Dixon, then president of the College. This was a great stimulus to the girls of our society, and notwithstanding the smaller membership, it caused the girls to take a deeper interest, and to be more loyal to their society.

The society meets semi-monthly on Saturday evening. After the roll-call and the reading of the minutes, the program usually consists of instrumental and vocal music, recitations and debates. The debates are of special interest and the discussions after the reading of the papers often furnish much amusement. Every fourth meeting is devoted to current topics. Papers based on the various up-to-date topics are prepared and read by different members. Sometimes the hour is spent in the study of some prominent man or movement. We find this very instructive and interesting, as it brings us in closer touch with the events of the day.

The Irving Hall is very handsomely furnished. Recently several improvements have been made which enhance the beauty and attractiveness of our hall considerably. Among these we would mention a life-size oil portrait of Washington Irving. The unveiling of this magnificent portrait on the evening of January 9, 1903, was a most joyful occasion. Rev. T. A. Smoot, of Fayetteville, delivered an address upon "The American Ideal as Represented in Washington Irving."

The loyalty of the members to their society is shown in the interest manifested by them and their willingness to perform whatever duties may be required of them. The social spirit is very prevalent and commendable. So deep is this spirit infused that our society may be said to border on to a sorority.

The officers of the society are elected every three months. The president must be a member of the Senior Class; the other officers may be elected from any class. We always try to elect such officers as we think best qualified for their respective duties, and have been very successful during the past. The officers at present are as follows: Miss Nina Dayvault, president; Miss Warren, vice-president; Miss Sherrod, secretary; Miss Hughes,

treasurer; Miss Angier, critic; Miss Gibson, censor. Several of the above officers have served the entire year. Under their direction the society has constantly developed and has enjoyed a year of peace and progress. Indeed, we consider our society a very important factor in our College course. When we assemble in our society hall at the close of every two weeks we feel that we are brought apart from the world of studies and are more in touch with the outside world.

Emerson Literary Society.

Nell Norine Nelson	*President*
Bessie McDearman	*Vice-President*
Letitia Evans	*Secretary*
Alice Ardrey	*Treasurer*
Grace Rone	*Critic*
Mabel Coltrane	*Censor*
Lorena Hinson, Ella Jenkins	*Janitors*

Members.

Alice Ardrey
Grace Ardrey
Miss Ethel Blalock
Prof. H. B. Craven
Miss Chadwick
Mabel Coltrane
Sallie Conerly
Cornelia Clegg
Alice Craven
Miss Martha Dozier
Rida Derickson
Hilda Davenport
Letitia Evans
Lorena Hinson
Nan Heitman
Bettie Lou Hester
Nellie Hester
Ella Jenkins
Addie Lee
Pattie Lee
Annie Wilson
Lizzie Montgomery
Bessie McDearman
Nell Nelson
Alice Oliver
Ethel Oliver
Prof. Parker
Dr. Peacock
John Peacock
Odell Peacock
Miss Annie Pegram
Modanya Williamson
Helen Russell
Grace Rone
Emma Renn
Janie Stewart
Miss Rachel Sims
Maude Satterfield
Maxie Smith
Ellen Thompson
Lucy Turnage
Margaret Wilson

The Emerson Literary Society.

THE Emerson Literary Society was organized in 1890, under the direction of Dr. B. F. Dixon, who was then president of Greensboro Female College. Previous to this time there had been only one society, the Irving, which was organized in 1882.

Dr. Dixon had an excellent reason for organizing another society. He saw that with no competition the spirit of the old organization was ebbing greatly and that by organizing a new society in opposition to this the sluggish members of the old would be stimulated to more activity. So, with a few willing and loyal workers and with Miss Bertha Lee as president, the Emerson Society began its career.

During the first years, when the Society had no hall, the meetings were held in the girls' parlor, but it became too small as the membership increased and gave a good deal of trouble, as the janitors had to carry chairs from the dining-room to accommodate the girls, so they determined to have a hall for their own special use. They then asked for the room parallel with the Irving Society Hall. This room was given them and they immediately set about furnishing it.

Among the first purchases made were a carpet and a number of chairs. Gradually the necessary pieces of furniture were added until now it is a well-furnished hall.

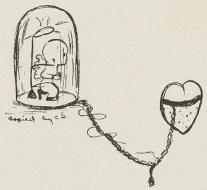
The society meets semi-monthly. Programs are arranged by the vice-president for these meetings, which consist of instrumental and vocal music, recitations, readings, and debates, varied occasionally by an interesting talk or reading from one of our honorary members. If a regular member fails to do the duty that is assigned her she is rewarded with a fine.

At the present there are forty-three members, including the honorary members, who are Dr. Peacock, Miss Pegram, Miss Sims, Mr. Parker, Mr. Craven, Miss Alice Craven, Miss Odell Peacock, and Master John Peacock. The officers are as follows: Miss Nelson, president; Miss McDearman, vice-president; Miss Evans, secretary; Miss Alice Ardrey, treasurer; Miss Coltrane, censor; Miss Rone, critic, and Misses Hinson and Jenkins, janitors.

The Emerson Society has done wonderfully well to be no older than it is. It began under difficulties, but has thrown them off one by one, until now it is as strong and

steady as the older society. It is one of the sources of help and improvement to the girls. The many little rules, which they will have to observe carefully, help them in their life after they leave College. Also the duties that the members are required to perform give them self-reliance and teach them how to conduct themselves in similar meetings. The society is also a source of recreation and pleasure. It is a pleasant breaking-in to the routine of school work.

And now, at the closing of the old term, when the old officers retire for new ones, we hope they will be inspired with fresh zeal and ardor and make the meetings as interesting and instructive as heretofore.



The Secret of His Coat Collar.

ON THE side of one of the beauty-famed mountains of Western North Carolina, one afternoon last summer, a girl could be seen sitting, and beside her a man.

This was a peculiar pair—Nan Viput and Phil Mason—so different in everything that it seemed almost ridiculous to call them friends. Yes, they were entirely different. She was young, beautiful, vivacious, and everywhere she went carried with her the sunshine of her merry, happy disposition, which never failed to captivate every one she came in contact with. Every one, young and old alike, declared her the most fascinating creature in the world. Although Nan fully realized her power of fascination and magnetism, yet she was sweet and lovable, and most of the time kind. At times she could not resist the temptation to be mean and cruel to some man, just because—she knew she could be. Her chief delight was to make "Mr. Melancholy," as she called Phil, forget himself and be happy and gay, and then to cause him pain. Yes, Nan was a wicked little thing, and so frivolous that it seemed at times as though she never had a serious thought in her life. Different indeed was Phil. He was a matured man, strong and vigorous in character as well as body, yet not handsome, although no one could ever look in his steady, thoughtful, brown eyes and call him ugly. All his life he had been a hard, earnest student, and consequently took a very serious view of life. Up to the time he had met Nan Viput, three years before, his life had been dreary and uneventful, but since then he had lived happily in the warmth of her friendship.

Nan had been his true friend now for three years and had actually written to him once a week during the whole two years of his stay in Germany. This was something wonderful for Nan, for of all things she despised to do, writing was the most detested. Yes, the friendship and comradeship existing between these two was rather remarkable.

On his arrival in America, Phil hastened immediately to the "Land of the Sky," where Nan was, and so a week later we find them together on the mountain. For some time they sat there watching the glorious sunset which cast a brilliant glow over everything and lay reflected in the little rivulet below them, making it appear a lambent river of fire. As they gazed on this great and gorgeous picture made and fashioned by the great Master Artist, they seemed struck dumb with the beauty of it all.

Finally, Phil rose and said, "Come, Nan, let's go; I 'm hungry."

"No, I'm not ready; but if you are so filled with the unconquerable desire for food and are so afraid of losing your supper, you may go on and leave me here alone,"

she said, as she thumped the turf with the end of her pretty red parasol. "I'm sorry you are so bored," she added, spitefully.

"Nan!" said he, thoughtfully.

"I know you think I'm wholly dependent on you for all my pleasure up here. Perhaps you think I can't get along at all without you, but I can, and most likely you won't be bothered with me much more, as Charlie is coming to-morrow. Why don't you go on, Phil?"

All this Nan said with that teasing little tone peculiarly her own and one which never failed to irritate Phil Mason. All the while she was peeping from under her fairylike white chiffon hat to see how he was taking it, and as she saw the expression of pain that passed over his face it almost made her afraid of herself—for she saw that she had such power over this large, strong, brave man. As she sat there looking at him she became aware for the first time, of his fine physique, his strong, noble face and his determined mouth and chin. At that moment she was almost ready to acknowledge that she loved him.

At last Phil turned to her and said almost fiercely, so great was his longing to tell her all: "Nan, you are the most aggravating girl I ever saw, and sometimes I really believe you have no heart at all. But come" he added, firmly, as he took her gently by the hands and raised her to her feet, "we must be going back."

"Well, I'm ready now," said Nan, as she started on ahead of him, swinging her parasol in the air. "Mr. Mason, you had better hurry, for your supper must have been ready an hour ago," she called back as she looked over her shoulder at him with a saucy, mocking smile.

When they parted on the hotel porch she said with unusual seriousness: "Phil, I know I am hateful, but I just can't help it, and—and you are so funny," she added, with such a silvery little laugh that Phil had to laugh, too, although he had no idea why.

"But, Phil, you mustn't think I'm so awfully bad, for you know——" she stopped here, and darted up the steps, but before she had gone far she called back to him: "Good-bye, Mr. Melancholy, I'll be ready in less than an hour." And waving her hand, she was gone.

Phil stood and watched the pretty creature—half woman, half child—while she ascended the stairs, smiling and bowing to some acquaintance at every step. A happy, amused smile parted his lips. Yet Phil was not happy! He took his seat in the cool twilight and gave himself up wholly to his misery. "What can be the matter with Nan?" he thought. "She used to be so sweet and kind to me, but now she is so changed. What can be the cause? By Jove," he murmured, "I will find out. I will tell her all to-night and learn whether she loves me or not. But she can't, for if she did she would never treat me as she does.

"Yes, I will know!" He came down on the arm of the chair with his clenched fist. Could Phil have seen from the back of his head he might have learned then whether or not Nan loved him, for she stood there behind him with a great loving kindness and tenderness shining in her large innocent blue eyes.

However, an hour later found these two seated side by side in Phil's little runabout, riding slowly up the mountains. It was a perfect night. The white moonlight flooded everything and all was quiet and calm. So still and silent that it seemed as if the whole world and all within it were dead but Nan and Phil. There was a breathless hush over everything, and even the little birds which had so unceasingly filled the woods with their love-songs all day had gone to sleep. Not one sound could be heard save that made by the wheels as they rolled over rocks and stones. Finally Nan began to talk and hardly stopped for breath, or so it seemed to Phil. He could think only of his love for her and how he was to tell her of it, consequently was not listening to her ceaseless babble at all. Finally, she turned to him with a wicked little gleam in her eyes and said, "Don't you think so?" He straightened himself up and answered stupidly, "What did you say, Nan? I really wasn't listening."

"Well, I like that!" she returned, as she tossed her head back and tilted her dainty chin in the air with all the mock dignity of an offended queen.

"Nan, I have something to tell you. Listen to me!"

"No, I'm not. You didn't listen to me and so I'm not going to listen to you, either. I'm sure what I said was quite as important as anything you can say. But, Phil," she continued, as she changed her tone, "please finish that story you were telling me about Germany. I'm just dying to hear the rest of it."

"Nan, I believe you already know what I want to tell you and that's the reason you are acting so mean."

"What? I know?" She looked at him with such a puzzled little look in her pretty blue eyes that he, manlike, was convinced that the little pretender did not know.

"You must think I'm a mind-reader, Phil. By the way, mind-reading is a peculiar thing, isn't it? I don't understand it at all, do you?"

"No, Nan, and I don't want to," Phil answered, impatiently. "I would a thousand times rather understand——"

"But, Phil, you ought to know something about it."

"Well, I don't, Nan. Ever since I met you two years ago——"

"Now, Phil, for goodness' sake don't begin to talk about time, for you always do get it mixed up. You know very well it has been over three years since you first met me. Then you were only thirty and not at all baldheaded," she said lightly, as she tapped the horse with the whip.

For some time after this they rode on in silence, but Nan broke the silence by saying: "A penny for your thoughts! What are they, Phil?"

"Guess!" He thought to himself: "Now is my time to tell her." "Guess, Nan, who I am thinking of."

"Oh, let me see," she said as she turned and gazed hard into his eyes. He at once was seized with a great desire to take her into his arms and tell her how his heart was yearning for her.

"I see," Nan went on, while she nodded her pretty head as though she had just found out. "You were thinking of—of—of how cold your supper was to-night."

Phil broke into a hearty laugh, but added hastily in a low determined voice: "No, Nancy, I was thinking of—I was thinking about you, little girl."

"Goodness! Look, Phil! A shooting star! Oh, it's gone now! You are too slow."

"Yes, by Jove, I am; but I've got to the point at last, and now you've got to listen. Nan, believe me, I love you! You are my life, my all! You have brought a warmth, a gladness, and a sunshine into my heart that no one else could ever bring. All my life I have been dreaming of you and waiting for you and now I have found you—you, my little Nancy! At first I thought it was the love of friendship, but it wasn't, little one; it was a deeper, holier love! Nan, tell me, do you love me? I love you so!" he breathed. All the strong love of this strong man's nature sounded in his burning words of love.

"For pity's sake, Phil, that 's my hand when you get through with it," Nan said in a weak voice, as she tried to pull her hand away. Phil had now made up his mind and all the powers of earth couldn't stop him until he got his answer.

"I'm waiting for my answer, Nan," he said slowly, though tenderly. "Do you love me or not? tell me!"

"Oh, dear, I'm so cold," Nan whispered, as she nestled closer to him. "Let 's go back."

His arm encircled her waist; he drew her gently to him and murmured: 'Look at me, little sweetheart, and let me read my answer in the dearest, sweetest prettiest pair of eyes in the world!"

He gently raised her bowed head and as he gazed into the depths of those deep blue eyes he knew that life was to be for him that of his happiest dreams.

"Now, little girl, give me my answer. You haven't told me yet that you will be my wife. But you will won't you, Nancy? You will be my little wife?"

Nan's head was buried on Phil's shoulder, and her answer is the secret of his coat collar.

E. F. C.

Cabinet.

NINA LEE DAYVAULT . . . . . *President*
LETITIA EVANS . . . . . *Vice-President*
ANNIE MILLER . . . . . *Recording Secretary*
ANNIE GIBSON . . . . . *Corresponding Secretary*
MARGARET BARNES . . . . . *Treasurer*

CARLOTTA GILMORE ANGIER MARTHA DOZIER KATE BLANCHARD ETTA CORDON
RUTH HUGHES ZULA HINSHAW ELLEN THOMPSON

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Y. W. C. A.

THE organization of the Young Women's Christian Association has filled a long-felt need in the colleges of our land. It is a work "by young women for young women," and is planned so as to bring into active service every young woman who shows a desire to become a Christian worker. An association was organized in Greensboro Female College in the year 1896 with Miss Ava Long Fleming as president. She was sent to represent us at the Southern Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations, held at Asheville, N. C., during the summer of the same year. For ten days each year, representatives from associations all over our Southland meet at Asheville for instruction from secretaries who have been thoroughly trained in Christian work. Each summer since 1896 we have sent the president and sometimes other officers of our association to this great conference and they have come back each time with new plans and renewed enthusiasm to infuse new life into our work. The past summer six delegates went from our association to this conference. This fact shows the increased interest in the work.

Each year a trained secretary visits our College for several days. While in our midst she meets the various committees, giving them most helpful suggestions for carrying on the departments of work under their care. We are also affiliated with the American committee federated with the World's Young Women's Christian Association, the World's Christian Student Federation.

Miss Fleming was succeeded in office by Miss Maude England in 1897; that year showed an increase in interest in the work. Miss Elma Cole was elected president in 1898; Miss Martha Dozier succeeded her in 1899, Miss Simmons Lambeth in 1900, Miss Lottie Barnes in 1901, and Miss Nina Dayvault in 1902. During the year the work has developed and deepened, the Bible Study Department has enlarged, missionary interest increased, and the spiritual influence has been far-reaching. Every student but one has identified herself with the association.

The officers for the coming year are as follows: Miss Ellen Thompson, president; Miss Jessie Fuller, vice-president; Miss Emma Willis, secretary; Miss May Smith, corresponding secretary.

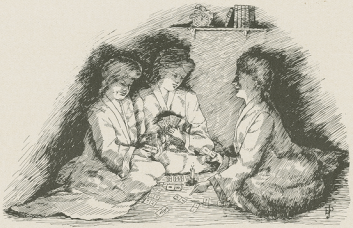
As the work has grown from year to year, new departments have been added until now there are eleven committees, bringing about seventy girls into committee work. The Devotional Committee supervises the religious meetings held in the chapel every Thursday evening and the daily prayer-meetings held each morning before breakfast.

No department of the work has done more to develop leaders than has the Bible Study Department, added in 1901. Classes are led by the students themselves for de-

votional Bible study. Over half the students in College were enrolled in these classes during the past year.

Greensboro Female College has long stood for missions, and the Missionary Committee still enlists the hearts of our girls in this great movement. The committee on Intercollegiate Relations keeps the association members in touch with the work in other fields, and the Social Department tries to set before the girls true ideals of social life, to show them that there is a plane on which "sets" and "rings" are disregarded; that we are all children of one Father, working together with one common aim in view—the promotion of Christ's kingdom.

Our Young Women's Christian Association, though young in years, has touched the lives of many young women who have gone out from their "College Home" to hold places of trust in the State. It has stood, and will ever stand, with outstretched hand to help the daughters of "G. F. C."



How Three Flinch Fiends Came to Grief.

Once upon a midnight dreary
We were sitting yawning, weary,
'Round the candle on the floor
Playing Flinch and nothing more.

When suddenly there came a tapping,
Then there was a louder rapping,
Yes, much louder than before,
Rapping on our chamber door.

Immediately began a blowing
Of the candle, dimly glowing
On the polished oaken floor.
Out it went, light was no more.

Down we threw our frightened faces,
Without thought of pose or graces,
On the Flinch piles on the floor.
This we did and budged no more.

Now the stranger stopped no longer,
But with anger growing stronger,
She flung wide our chamber door,
Striding straight across the floor.

"Girls, where are the matches?" quoth she,
"Get them out; you can not fool me."
But no sound came from the floor.
There was silence, nothing more.

But she still stood while staring
Until some one scarcely daring,
Whispered faintly, trembling sore:
"Of the matches we 've no more."

"Who 're the strangers with you stopping,
With their daring overtopping
Anything I 've heard before?"
Quoth she, sternly, from the door.

When we told her, trembling, fearing,
She with words both scorching, searing,
Left us prostrate on the floor,
With the words, "Do so no more."

For some time we lay there shaking,
And with limbs so badly quaking
We could not rise from the floor
Where we 'd fallen near the door.

In the morning we went stealing
At the feet of teachers kneeling,
Praying, "Pardon us once more,
As you 've often done before."

But the teachers did not soften—
We had done it once too often;
We must now do it no more.
Five demerits! *It was sore!!*

A. A., R. D., B. M.

Mona.

MONA was cleaning the silver, clad in a broad-checked apron that came quite up to her dimpled chin and quite down to the hem of her blue flannel dress. Her hair was a dusky bronze, and her eyes were dark gray. Her skin was soft and fine and looked almost colorless against the bright red of the dearest little mouth in the world.

Dora Gray, her older sister, was the beauty of the family, however. Dora had been in Mrs. Lamont's tableaux the night before and had, in consequence, come down to a late breakfast, feeling very cross. She lounged gracefully over her coffee and boiled egg, which was set out on a little stand by the fireplace. Unlike Mona, she was a tall, statuesque blonde, with a face colored like an exquisite flower.

Mrs. Gray was sewing at the window, and Aunt Catherine Holmes occupied the corner of the fireplace, with her knitting.

"There 's the postman," Mrs. Gray remarked, from her seat by the window, and she glanced toward Mona, who obediently laid down her silver and went out. She was back in an instant.

"A letter for you, Aunt Cathy, and one for you, too, mamma."

"This concerns you, girls," said Mrs. Gray, handing a square, cream-tinted envelope to Dora, who exclaimed, "Invitations to Mrs. Eugene Armstrong's masked ball. Isn't that fine! Constance Armstrong told me all about it last night. It is given in honor of Mrs. Armstrong's brother, Louis Ashley, who has just returned from college. Connie is quite wild over him—says he is so handsome and enormously wealthy. I must have a new costume, mother, dear."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, sighing, "I suppose it is unavoidable."

"Let me see," mused Dora, "I think I shall have a Psyche dress, all white, with silver Greek borders, and wear my silver girdle."

"That will be lovely," broke in Mona, eagerly, "but what shall I wear, sister?"

"You?" said Dora, in surprise. "Are you going? I didn't know," and she glanced at her mother.

"I don't see how I can afford two dresses," said Mrs. Gray, with a worried look, "and your sister is the oldest."

"O mamma," pleaded Mona, "I haven't been anywhere in so long."

"I wish it were possible, my child, but—"

"Mona," said Dora, sharply, "how can you, when you know— Oh, well! if you are going to be a baby and cry," as Mona ran out of the room in tears.

"I think you are the one who ought to be ashamed, Dora," said Aunt Catherine, speaking for the first time.

"Why can't you stay at home this once? You have been to four entertainments during the last two weeks, and Mona has stayed at home. And I must say she works like a slave for you—while you—"

Here Dora flounced indignantly out of the room.

"And I don't see what you can be thinking of, Sister Maria, to make such a difference between the two girls."

"You don't understand," was Mrs. Gray's reply. "I am in such straitened circumstances, and I can not afford evening dresses for both of them. Mona is so much the youngest, and is not really in society yet This is Dora's second season, and I am anxious for her to make a good match. Then it will be Mona's time. I do not mean to be unkind to the child." And Mrs. Gray looked appealingly at her sister, but Miss Catherine, having had her say, knitted into a dignified silence.

Several girls dropped in that evening and the chief topic of conversation was the ball. Ella Adderton, Dora's particular friend, was first. "Only think, girls," she said, "they are going to have music from Baltimore, and a caterer from New York will furnish the supper."

"I shall keep my costume a secret," said Leila Armstrong, who came later, and who told all that her sister had planned to have. "But I'll tell you, Mona, for I want you to select something that will correspond with mine. Of course we will be together a great deal."

"I am not going," Mona tried to answer cheerfully.

"Not going, Mona!" Leila looked almost angry.

"Mother thinks I am too young to go into society yet," was the reply.

Leila started to say more, but catching her sister's eye, stopped in time.

"Good-bye," said Constance. "Come, Leila, we must be going."

Dora's dress came home the afternoon before the party. She dressed early in the evening and lighted all the spare lamps in the house to see the effect. The soft, clinging, white drapery, with its quaint silver borders, was simply caught on the shoulders with old silver clasps, leaving bare her exquisite arms and neck, and falling in classic folds to the floor. Her fair hair was fastened in a low Greek knot, and she looked the very embodiment of immortal youth and loveliness.

Mona, sitting on the ledge of the great stairway window, watching the afterglow of the sunset, gave a start as the lovely vision in white and silver came down the hall towards her, and exclaimed, "O Dora, you are so lovely!"

Dora laughed and raising a small white satin masque, fastened it on. "Do you think any one will know me?" she asked.

"Of course," replied Mona, promptly. "No one else in the world could look half so beautiful."

Dora's selfish heart was touched. "Thank you, dear," she said, coming to Mona's side. "I wish you were going. But never mind! When I am safely married off to Mr. Somebody or Other, you will have your time."

Mrs. Gray came up the stairs at that moment with a note in her hand. "Mona," said she, "Leila Arm-

strong has written begging you to come over and spend the night. She has sprained her ankle and can't go to the ball. Run and get ready. She has sent the carriage for you. You can console each other," she added, kissing Mona before she ran off for her hat.

The maid at Mrs. Armstrong's who answered the bell hurried Mona right up-stairs to the girls' room. Constance was standing before the mirror in a superb eastern dress and Leila sat in a low chair near.

"What a darling you were to come," she said, kissing her friend affectionately. "I have such a plan for you—but first look at my new dress and pity me for not being able to wear it. Isn't it pretty?" It was spread out on the bed, a mass of pink and white with a splendid court train, and altogether looked like a rose in bloom. It was Cinderella's ball dress, complete even to the tiny little glass slippers, cunningly imitated in bead-work. Mona examined it with girlish delight.

"Put it on, Mona, dear," coaxed Leila. "I am crazy to see how it looks and I can't stand even a moment on this foot. Oh, yes, it will fit; we are just of a size. Come here, Mary, and play fairy godmother to Cinderella."

Mary was a skilful maid, and in a short time the dress was on and she knelt to adjust the little slippers.

"No one in town could step into my shoes but you," said Leila, surveying her little foot complacently. "Now, turn round and look at yourself"

"How pretty you are!" said Constance. "Now, I am going to take you to Hattie's ball in Leila's place. No, I won't take a denial. Bring our wraps, Mary."

"Don't say you won't go," pleaded Leila. "It was my plan and I shall be so provoked if you don't. When the others unmask you can go to the dressing-room and Mary will be there to bring you here. To-morrow you can go home and who will be the wiser? So run away, little Cinderella, and enjoy yourself till the clock strikes twelve."

* * * *

"Do tell me," said Sir Launcelot, "who is that little princess in pink that you were waltzing with a few minutes ago? She is as pretty as a rosebud. I want an introduction."

"I am completely mystified myself," said his majesty, King Arthur. "She is the only lady in the room that I have not recognized."

Cinderella passed just then and dropped her bunch of pink roses at Sir Launcelot's feet, who immediately sprang to pick it up.

"Thanks," murmured Cinderella, extending her hand. "How awkward of me." But Sir Launcelot held the flowers out of her reach. "Give me the waltz you refused me just now in exchange for them," he laughed.

"Will you?" he pleaded, bending his fair head over her brown one, which just reached to his shoulder.

"Why, yes," she answered, merrily. "Perseverance deserves reward."

The handsome knight was decidedly smitten. He followed the little rose-maiden like her shadow all the evening.

"Who is my partner?" whispered Cinderella to Constance once as she passed.

"Why, my dear, it is Louis Ashley, the hero of the evening," Constance whispered back.

It was growing late, and Mona was wondering how she was to make her exit before the time to unmask. Sir Launcelot had enthroned her in a rustic chair in the conservatory, which was deserted by all except themselves. He had removed his mask and was earnestly entreating Mona to do the same.

"Do let me see your face," he said. "It lacks but ten minutes to the time for unmasking, anyway. And tell me your name. You have acknowledged that you know mine, so it is but fair that you should tell me yours. But I shall always think of you as a little rose-maiden. Give me just one rose; they just match the color of your cheeks, and tell me that I may take you in to supper."

"I am just Cinderella, and perhaps I shall vanish like my namesake when the clock strikes twelve."

"Then I should seek until I found you, like the prince in the fairy story," he rejoined, eagerly. "Won't you give me the rose I asked for?"

He was superbly handsome and very much in earnest.

"How shall I ever get rid of him?" thought Mona, despairingly. Then aloud, very sweetly, "I am very warm," she said, "and I left my fan in the music-room. Bring it to me, please, and you shall have the rose you asked me for."

The guests were moving toward the supper-room when he emerged from the conservatory. He found the fan and hurried back, but Cinderella was gone—vanished like the Cinderella in the story, and the only token of her presence was the little pink rose he had asked for lying on the rustic chair where she had been sitting.

Soon after the ball the girls, Mona and Dora, were taking tea at Constance Armstrong's. Mona and Leila had been out to watch the sunset, and when they came back they found out that two gentlemen had come in their absence. Mona's cheeks were like roses when Constance's voice announced, "Mr. Hurst and Mr. Ashley, my friend, Miss Mona Gray."

Then the couples paired off for a walk in the moonlight, and Mr. Ashley immediately took possession of Mona.

"Miss Gray," he said, with grave courtesy, "I have often wished to meet you again that I might apologize for my persistency on the night of the ball. I did not realize what an unmitigated bore I was making of myself until I found that you had fled to escape me."

Mona's cheeks burned and I could not hear what she said, but I guess she explained everything satisfactorily, for a year from that time there was a regular rose wedding at Mrs. Gray's. This time, however, Mona was a little white rose instead of a pink one.

ATHLETICS

Basket-Ball Teams.

Senior

Nell Nelson	*Captain*
Bess McDearman	*Basket Man*
Minnie Walker	*Basket Man*
Nell Nelson	*Guard*
Ruth Hughes	*Guard*
Lily Sherrod	*Field Man*
Nina Dayvault	*Field Man*
Alice Ardrey	*Center*

Freshman

Lucy Carr	*Captain*
May Hinshaw	*Basket Man*
Lucy Carr	*Basket Man*
Maude Angier	*Guard*
Celia Winslow	*Guard*
Maxie Smith	*Field Man*
Margaret Wilson	*Field Man*
Grace Ardrey	*Center*

BASKET-BALL TEAMS.

Basket-Ball Teams.

Junior

Emma Willis
Captain

Bettie Lou Hester — Emma Willis
Basket Men

Agnes Moring — Mamie Gibson
Guards

Grace Rone — Edith Moring
Field Men

Margaret Barnes
Center

Sophomore

Bess Transou
Captain

Kate Blanchard — Bess Transou
Basket Men

Alice Oliver — Hilda Spruil
Guards

Lelah Barnes — Emily Hall
Field Men

Carlotta Angier
Center

BASKET-BALL TEAMS.

The Thanksgiving Basket-Ball Game.

THE Athletics of G. F. C. is decidedly one of its most important branches. Every girl, even if she does not play basket-ball, takes the greatest interest in it and in her class team.

In the fall of 1902 we decided to play a match game on Thanksgiving day. The teams to play were decided by a number of games between the class teams and the two winning the greatest number of games were allowed to contest their valor and skill upon the appointed day. Wonderful to relate, the Freshmen and Sophomore teams won the greatest number and were therefore considered as candidates for the championship.

The eventful day arrived and although the weather was unfavorable, the spirits of the players were not daunted. Promptly at four o'clock the spectators gathered on the campus to witness this exhibition of strength and skill. Class feeling ran high and everywhere were flaunted the class colors, red and white for the Freshmen and blue for the Sophomores. (If I mistake not, the red and white predominated.) The Freshmen considered themselves very fortunate in having that august body, the Senior Class, to root for them, while the Sophomores thought themselves equally honored in having the Juniors on their side. A great shout went up when the teams appeared. In front of the Freshmen came two noble Seniors bearing aloft a flaming banner emblazoned with the figures "06." Cheer after cheer rent the air as the teams followed, headed by the captains and running to the field in true athletic style.

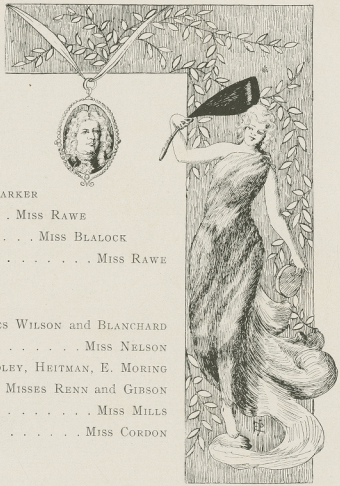
After a few preliminaries the game began. From the very first the Freshmen showed admirable skill and dexterity. A slight snowstorm while the game was in progress only heightened their ardor. They played as only Freshmen and Sophomores can play, and when time was called it was found that the Freshmen had won, thus showing themselves possessed of great physical as well as mental power. The score stood 11 to 7, and the Freshmen were declared the champion basket-ball players of G. F. C.

The enthusiastic crowd then adjourned to the College, where Mrs. Robertson, in words befitting the occasion, presented the victorious team with the silver trophy-cup, to be held by them so long as they remain the champions, which, we have no doubt, will be for the next three years.

TENNIS CLUB.

Music Recitals

1902-1903



Faculty Recital.

Instrumental solo . . . . . Miss Rawe
Vocal solo . . . . . Mr. Parker
Instrumental solo . . . . . Miss Rawe
Sonata . . . . . Miss Blalock
Vocal solo . . . . . Miss Rawe

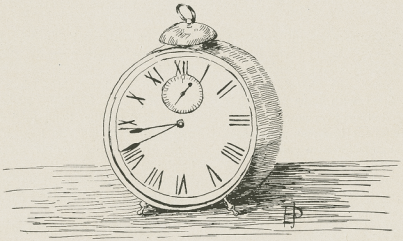
February Twenty-sixth.

Instrumental duet . . . . . Misses Wilson and Blanchard
Vocal solo . . . . . Miss Nelson
Vocal trio . . . . . Misses Windley, Heitman, E. Moring
Instrumental duet . . . . . Misses Renn and Gibson
Vocal solo . . . . . Miss Mills
Vocal solo . . . . . Miss Cordon

Mr. Perry's Recital

JACK

CAMPUS SCENES.



April 1st.

Mildred.

E. F. C.

IT was the last night of Commencement, 1900, at Greensboro Female College. Everywhere bright lights were flashing and merry voices resounded in every possible nook and corner—the chapel, parlors, halls, and verandas were filled with boys and girls happily telling that 'same old story, ever new.''

''Quarter to twelve. Lights out in fifteen minutes!'' called out the president. Then followed a general confusion of good-byes, wishes for a pleasant vacation and safe return in September. There was one couple who seemed not to have heard the president's voice, nor to have observed the confusion and noise around them—they were sitting in the window on the first floor, just at the foot of the stairs, earnestly talking.

''And you will return in the fall?'' he asked, gazing down into the sweet face of the girl beside him.

''Oh, yes,'' she said, laughing. ''One more year of imprisonment, and then I shall be free forever? How grand!''

''And may I see you often when you return?'' he asked, with a note of pleading in his voice

''Yes; I will get mamma to write me a special permission to see *you*. And you know,'' she said, drawing herself up with mock dignity, ''I will be a Senior then—Oh, pshaw! there goes the 'wink' and we must say good-bye.''

''Well, good-bye, Miss Davis; I trust that you may spend a pleasant holiday. Be sure to come back.''

She held out her hand to him, with a winning smile and said, ''Should you happen to come anywhere near Piney Hollow this summer, do come to see us; we shall be charmed to see you.''

''Thank you with all my heart,'' he replied; and pressing her little hand, he added, ''May I write to you sometimes?''

''Oh, yes, if you wish,'' she replied; and he was gone.

''Mr. Randolph! Mr. Randolph!'' she called after him, and just as he stepped out on the walk she overtook him. ''Here is something for you,'' she said, holding out a little flower to him; ''only a white carnation, and yet it will do to remind you of to-night.''

''Thank you!'' he murmured, and pressing the little flower to his lips, he asked, ''May I—?'' but Mildred was gone.

She flew up the steps, down the hall, and into her room. ''Oh, girls, I have been talking to that Mr. Ran-

dolph we have seen at church so many times, and he is the *cutest* man on earth, I know. He wants to write to me; is going to send me some flowers, and says he is going to call on me just as soon as I return in the fall. Isn't that grand?"

"Mildred, I wish you wouldn't talk so much; nobody else gets a chance to say a word when you are around," Margaret Nelson put in. "I caught a fellow, too, and he is the handsomest thing I ever saw—red hair, freckled face, cross-eyed, and tongue-tied. Of all the ugly mortals, he is the ugliest! I stood him just as long as I could, and then I shook him off on Mae."

"Yes, you did; and I have been wishing him at the bottom of the sea ever since. Now, Mildred, please you and Margaret stop talking about your beaux and let 's go to sleep. Margaret, you ought to be willing to let me rest after the trouble you have given me to-night. I'm going to sleep, myself. Good night!"

Soon the lights were out, and not a sound was to be heard, save an occasional whisper and giggle from Margaret and Mildred's bed.

* * * * * *

Vacation came and went, and before Mildred Davis realized it she was in Greensboro again. Just as she was entering the station she heard some one say, "How do you do, Miss Davis?" and, turning, saw that it was Jack Randolph. "So glad to see you, and is it all right about the permission?"

"Yes, certainly," she answered with a laugh.

* * * * * *

The year passed rapidly away, and it was the last night of Commencement, 1901. The grand concert was in full sway and the chapel was packed to its utmost. Mildred Davis and Margaret Nelson stood in the back of the chapel, anxiously searching for some one.

"Don't you see him anywhere?" inquired Mildred.

"No, I don't, Mildred; and I don't care, for I am tired of hearing about Jack, Jack—nothing but Jack all the time. If he wants to see you he will look for you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mildred, after a long silence, "I do not believe this old thing is ever going to end."

* * * * * *

The last number on the program had just been finished when Mildred felt some one touch her on the arm, and, looking up, she met the eyes of Jack Randolph.

* * * * * *

They were sitting in the window on the first floor, just at the foot of the stairs. Again the president called out, "Quarter of twelve. Lights out in fifteen minutes!" and everything became noise and confusion; but, as Mildred arose, Jack said, "Wait a little while, dearest. Look at me; speak to me again and make me sure that it is all real. It seems as if it were all a dream; as if it could not be true. I have longed for and thought of this so long that it seems unreal yet. Tell me once again that you belong to me; that you are my own little Mildred."

"Jack, I am yours forever," she whispered, "and I will love you always," she added, with a smile.

'And when shall it be, sweetheart? Say that you will come to me in December."

"Yes, Jack; it shall be as you wish—in December."

Pressing her hand in a last good-bye, he said, "I love you, Mildred! my Mildred!"

* * * * * *

The moonlight was lying broad and calm on the still, motionless Pamlico River, silvering the pine trees massed against the sky on its further bank. A light breeze quivered through the leaves of the great oak trees, and, save for this and the splash of an oar in the river now and then and the merry voices of boys and girls gliding by, the two sitting at the foot of the old oak tree, overlooking the river, were unconscious of everything except their own existence. Mildred sat leaning her head against a tree, gazing far out on the water, which lay a great shimmering sheet before her. Richard Montgomery sat gazing on *her* and thinking of the happy times they had spent on this same spot, before Mildred had gone off to college. He was thinking how she had loved him then, but how she had gone away from him and had given to another what he had hoped to gain. He was also thinking as he looked on her how beautiful she had grown; how enchanting she looked with her white shawl lying loosely around her shoulders and the moonlight playing on her golden hair. "I can not stand it," he thought, "I must tell her all."

"Mildred," he asked, "are you really going to marry Jack Randolph in December?"

She turned and looked at him, then bursting into a merry laugh, she said, "Why, of course I 'm not. That was only a schoolgirl flirtation. We have played 'quits' for good."

"Mildred, when are you going to leave off such childish things?"

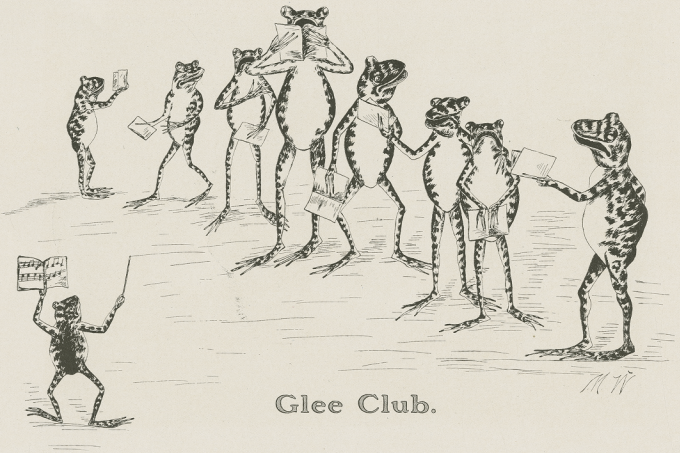
"Well, I don't exactly know. Now, perhaps."

He took her hand in his and, gazing into her eyes, said, "Mildred, I love you, and it useless for me to repeat the same thing that I have told you so often before; but the thing I want to know is, do you love me, or whom do you love?"

"Whom do I love? Let me see" she said as she passed her hand across her brow, "Why, Dick, I believe it is you."

CLUBS

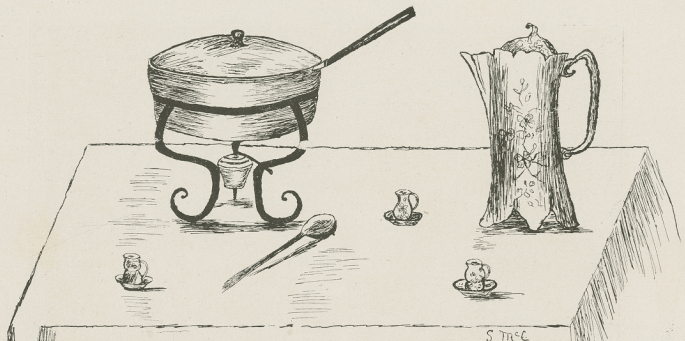
FLINCH.



Glee Club.

GLEE CLUB.

DRAMATIC CLUB.



Chafing-Dish Club.

Motto: Eatibus et Drinkibus.

Color: Smut.

Maxie Smith . . . . . *Chief Cook*	Lucy Carr . . . . . *Pot-Licker*
Nan Heitman . . . . . *Chief Eater*	Mamie Windley . . . . . *Dish-Washer*
Lizzie Montgomery . . . . . *Forager*	Maude Angier . . . . . *Market Girl*

CHAFING-DISH CLUB.

Tau Sigma Sigma Sorority.

Inez Bell
Fannie Cutler
Bess McDearman
Jane Stewart
Nell Nelson
Minnie Walker
Annie Wilson

Rida Derickson
Louise Bond
Hilda Davenport
Rena Mills
Alice Ardrey
Margaret Wilson
Minnie Stausill

TAU SIGMA SIGMA SORORITY.

Drags.

A mockery, a delusion, and a snare.—The Annual.

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung.
—Annie Miller.

Much Ado About Nothing.—The Dinner-bell.

Thou art too wild and bold of voice.—Bertha Dalton.

I was not always a man of woe.—Cornie Clegg.

A pestilence that walketh in darkness. — Miss Rawe.

A sight to dream of.—A Good Dinner.

She speaks an infinite deal of nothing.—Helen Russell.

She is not so deep as a well or so wide as a barn door, but there is enough of her.—Sallie Connelly.

The green grass grew all around—while Mr. Stone was getting out *The Message*.

There 's a gude time coming.—Commencement.

From children expect childish things.—Gary Dee.

Little, but oh my!—Celia Winslow.

Trust not him who seems a saint.—Lucy Carr.

Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy 's yours.—May Smith.

Too much of a good thing.—Soup.

A light to guide, a rod to check the erring and reform.—Etta Cordon.

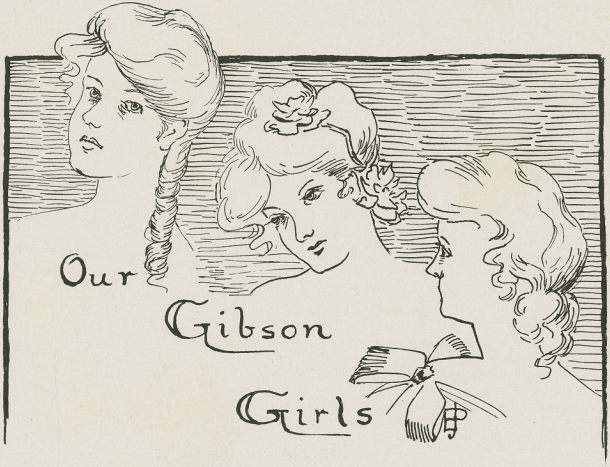
Once in the flight of ages past, there lived a man.—Professor Craven.

Oh, if there is an Elysium on earth, it is this! It is this!—Faculty Meeting.

If she take you in hand with an argument she will bray you in a mortar.—Ruth Hughes.

Of two evils choose the less.—Bess McDearman and Bess Transou.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.—The Annual.


Our
Gibson
Girls

Uncle Matt.

OF ALL the College characters there are none more conspicuous than the faithful old colored servant, "Uncle Matt." For many years he has held the office of "jack-of-all-trades" at the College, and from his protracted residence here has become one of our old landmarks.

His personal appearance, though by no means prepossessing, is of such a marked style that it will never be obliterated from our memories.

He walks with an ambling gait, caused, no doubt, by the fact that he is both bow-legged and pigeon-toed.

His scanty crop of wool is turning gray and his whiskers have either been plucked out by his wife's relentless hand or else thinned by the ravages of time.

He has a way of rolling his eyes which is, to say the least, very striking; and it was probably from him that the G. F. C. girls first learned the art of making "goo-goo eyes."

Uncle Matt is usually clad in an ancient swallow-tail coat, the tails of which sway gently to and fro as he goes about his numerous duties. On Sunday, when dressed in his well-worn best, his derby hat perched jauntily on one side of his venerable head, he presents quite an interesting appearance.

Although well advanced in years, when one would naturally suppose that such frivolous things had long since passed from his mind, Uncle Matt decided that he could no longer endure the lonely state of bachelorhood, and startled his many friends and acquaintances by taking unto himself a wife.

Before taking this perilous step he took the precaution of going to Dr. Peacock to ascertain whether he would be in any danger of losing his position by such an action, giving as an excuse that "she had been arter him for two or three years, but he jes' nacherly hadn't had no time to fool wid her."

On rare occasions Uncle Matt comes home in state, seated in a carriage and with an attendant. The result is his disappearance for a day or two, after which he comes forth, apparently unchanged, only a little more unsteady on his legs and an unusual affability in his manner.

But Uncle Matt exonerates himself by declaring that he is of the Presbyterian persuasion and one of the elect, and notwithstanding the fact that he frequently indulges in his dram, he fully expects, when his days on earth are ended, to be numbered with the ebon-hued band of celestials who will gladly welcome him into their midst.

UNCLE MATT BRINGS THE MAIL.

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